

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

*[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]*

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers  
One of which went on to be a successful actor  
Here's the reactment: He called me at my mans crib  
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered  
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me  
He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me  
And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me  
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me  
Canibus hates the media and the magazines  
They have so much credibility to elaborate schemes  
Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper  
Being eaten alive by La Peez  
Sound barriers like the Lockheed even without means  
I run a course rough Terana Mach speed  
Thats a rhyme from like 9-3  
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet  
If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep  
Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets  
I never leave any witnesses, its ridiculous  
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in  
Missin from society, because they lied to me  
They didn't want to accept my documents in society  
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams  
And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam  
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme  
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes  
Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams  
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jihad Rageam  
I total riot scene, back and forth they encrypt fiber optic beams  
On my album out next spring  
You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream  
I promised my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene  
It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling  
Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name  
Jermaine Williams, thats my name  
Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg  
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man  
And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan  
Get it through your head and don't ask me again  
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat  
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?  
It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy  
Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside  
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme  
And its about time that I put ya'll in line  
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes  
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side  
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times  
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine  
Don't be a stranger come over some time  
I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive  
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side  
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time  
Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date  
We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes  
Limited to three states  
New York City: home of the greats  
Philly and out West piece-a-cake  
Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without  
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out  
Don't let what I say get you upset  
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...